THE WHITE MIAMI.

FRANCES SLOCUM, ONCE A CAPTIVE AMONG THE WABASH INDIANS.

Her Story Is One of the Famous Romances of the Early Pioneer Days and Has Been Made the Basis of Many Thrilling Tales.

[Special Correspondence.]

PERU, Ind., Oct. 24.—One hundred years ago there stood upon the plains southwest of what is now Lafayette, Ind., a collection of something like one hundred well built houses and Indian huts, known as Me-an-ta-non. It was the metropolis of the Franco-Miamis. In its queerly composite population were young Frenchmen with the manners of D'Orsay and the morals of Don Juan, old French traders and voyageurs, Indians who had taken on some varnish of civilization, and another class in whom was mingled Indian and European blood. Eastward the territory of the Miami confederacy extended even to the Big Miami and westward to the Sangamon, while they ranged from Lake Michigan to the Ohio; but it is probable that less than half of the Indians in that area were pure Miamis. Indeed, at least six branches of the aborigines had some share of this fair heritage, and a brief sketch of them will serve both as illustration of and introduction to the sadly romantic story of Frances Slocum, the white captive from Pennsylvania.

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When the French first traversed the Wabash and Mississippi valleys they found all the Indian nations in a strange transition state—the general movement being from north to south, but traversed by a smaller movement from east to west. The first Indians they knew in the Wabash country were the Il-lee-nee, or Illini (meaning "real men," a self flattering title savage nations often take), which the French transformed into the masculine plural Illinois. Down upon these came the Miamis from the far northwest—tradition traces their course back to northern Iowa—and soon they dominated both sides of the Wabash, their various bands known as Weaus, Twightgrs, Piankeshans, etc. Among them came the Pottawattomies, a ferocious race from the wooded wilderness north of Lake Huron; but leaving only a remnant on the Wabash they turned to the west. Meanwhile the Wau-pa-nuck-ee, or Lenni-Lenapes, whom the first settlers in Pennsylvania named "Delawares" because they met them on that stream, were slowly retreating before the ever advancing whites; across Pennsylvania and Ohio they fell back till they occupied central Indiana, and as late as 1810 Anderson and Killbuck, Delaware chiefs, ruled the region where Indianapolis now is. Then their westward march was resumed—across Illinois and across Missouri, then they halted for a final home in the lovely Delaware reservation in Kansas. In 1855-65 civilization again crowded on them and they abandoned their tribal organization, and to the number of 1,500 took "head rights" in and became citizens of the Cherokee nation.

The Kickapoos halted long and left a remnant among the Miamis; the main part continued westward, finally dissolved their organization and were for the most part absorbed among the wild tribes of the Rocky mountains. Pure blooded Kickapoos are still met in Mexico, still implacably hostile to white Americans. The Mingoes, after their expulsion from West Virginia and the adjacent part of Ohio, drifted to northern Indiana. The Shou-au-nons, or "Exiles," driven from their original seat on Lake Erie by the New York Indians, were allowed by the Miamis to pass through the latter's country and went to Tennessee; thence they were driven again to Florida, where the Suwanee river attests their residence and gradual change of name. Driven again by the encroaching whites, they returned in three bands to the Ohio and Wabash, and the band known as Shawnees located along the Wabash from Shawnee creek to the Tippecanoe and beyond. The Miamis denied them a real title to the lands, but tolerated them as squatters, and this band produced the celebrated Tecumseh and Elkswatana—"The Prophet." Another band of Shawnees went to Canada; Tecumseh incited them to fight the Americans, and, cheering them on at the battle of the Thames, died as became a warrior.

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Of course all these tribes occasionally captured whites, and when not too old the captives generally became thorough Indians, for the wild life is natural to man, and while it takes twenty years to civilize an Indian a smart white boy can go wild in six months. So there were a few Anglo-Indians and many Franco-Indians in all the tribes; and the first settlers remarked with some surprise that the white captives avoided them quite as much as the Indians, and some say more. Their Indian relatives explained that they were "afraid of being taken back to the whites." In 1828 the Miamis, having shrunk to a mere band, located on a reservation in Miami county, Ind. Col. E. G. Ewing, a trader, met an old woman known as Shepu-ca-nah near Peru, and some years after wrote an account for the Pennsylvania papers, of which this is an extract:

There is now near this place, among the Miami tribe of Indians, an aged white woman, who a few days ago told me whilst I lodged in the camp with her one night that she was taken away from her father's home, on or near the Susquehanna river, when she was young, say from 5 to 8 years old, she thinks, by the Delaware Indians, who were then hostile to the whites. She says her father's name was Slocum; that he was a Quaker, rather small in stature, and wore a large, broad rimmed hat, had sandy hair, light complexion, and was much freckled; that he lived about half a mile from a town where there was a fort, in a wood house two stories high, and had a spring near the house. She says three Delawares came to the house in the daytime, when all were absent but herself and perhaps two other small children. Her father and brothers were making hay. The Indians carried her off and she was adopted into a family of Delawares, who raised her and treated her as their own child.

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Mr. Isaac J. Slocum, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., at once recognized it as the case of his aunt, who was stolen at the age of 5; so her brother Isaac went to Peru and identified the captive by a scar which he caused in boyhood by an accidental cut. Her memory revived in conversation with him and her identity was completely established. Then her remaining brother, Joseph, and her only sister, Mrs. Mary Town, visited the woman in 1837; but she had taken fright at the gossip among the Indians that all captives were to be returned, and peremptorily refused to see her relatives till the authorities gave her an assurance that she could remain in Indiana. They remained some time at her home near the mouth of the Mississinewa, and were much charmed by the manners and friendly conduct of their relations of the half blood, for Frances had four daughters living and several grandchildren. She detailed her life in captivity, asserting that she had always lived in plenty and happiness among the Indians. She was captured in 1770 near Wilkesbarre, Pa., and died in 1847 at an advanced age.

In 1840 the Miamis relinquished their title to their remaining lands in Indiana, except the tracts reserved for such as chose to become citizens, and the organized tribe went to Kansas, and then to the Indian territory. So many remained, however, that as late as 1860 one might see on any public day in Peru many groups of people with Indian features, and even now an Indian face there does not excite the surprise it would elsewhere. Gabriel Godfroy, lineal descendant of one of the greatest Miami chiefs, still lives on his fine farm at the junction of the Wabash and Mississinewa in an elegant brick residence—an Indian in face, but an Indiana man, farmer and Christian in his general style.

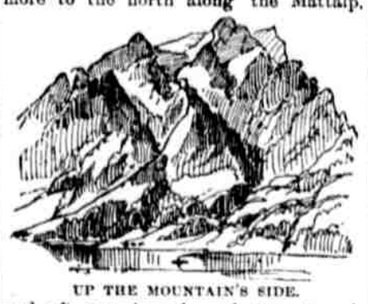
HENRY ALLISON.

UP MOUNT PILATUS.

A Railway That Climbs a World Famous Mountain.

GENEVA, Switzerland, Oct. 9.—Every traveler in Switzerland has heard the gloomy legend that Pontius Pilate, the Roman ruler under whom Christ suffered, spent his last years in the recesses of the mountain by placid Lake Lucerne, now called Mount Pilatus, and drowned himself in the lake on its summit. The legend, which is told by the simple mountaineers in an awed whisper and an air of profound belief, goes on to say that a spectral form is sometimes seen emerging from the waters and going through the motion of washing its hands.

This Mount Pilatus is as familiar a feature to continental visitors as St. Peter's at Rome. It is so steep and sheer in its ascent that hitherto only mountain climbers have been able to scale the peak, but now, owing to the railway being constructed, the view from the summit of Pilatus promises to become as well known as the magnificent prospect from the top of Mount Washington in the United States. The railway starts from the shore of Lake Lucerne at Alpnach-Stad, and creeps up the southeastern slope of the mountain, through rocky tracks and shady beechwoods, to its first halting place on the Aemsigen Alp. Thence the line turns more to the north along the Mattalp,



UP THE MOUNTAIN'S SIDE.

and after passing through two tunnels piercing the Esel peak, it will eventually climb a sharp gradient of 45 degs. to the plateau of the Hotel Bellevue—nearly 7,000 feet above the sea. The railway passes over a viaduct across the Wolfortbach, and through three small and two large tunnels. To afford additional security there are two center lines for cog wheels, instead of only one, like most of the various other mountain routes. The lines are solidly laid on a granite bed, and protected on either side to prevent injury from snow, etc. As on most of her mountain railways, the engine will do its chief work when ascending, and merely check the descent. Each car will contain thirty-two passengers, and one hour and a half will be consumed in the journey up the mountain. The engines have proved their speed hitherto by dragging up the material required for the railway, and have answered well. About two-thirds of the line was constructed last spring, when the most arduous part of the task began—piercing the two tunnels through the solid granite masses of the Esel peak. The railway will not be ready for business before next summer.

A GEOLOGICAL JOKE.

How Some Learned Gentlemen Were Taken In by Dame Nature.

[Special Correspondence.]

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 24.—In the western part of the glorious state of Indiana, about twenty-five miles north of the handsome city of Terre Haute, the broad and fertile plateau drops rather suddenly to the level of the Wabash, the descent being some two hundred feet in two or three miles. The natural result is that the affluent streams flow rapidly over rocky and gravelly bottoms, and have cut deep hollows which, lined as they are by romantic cliffs and overhung by magnificent timber, are the delight of the natives thereabouts. These natives, it may be added, are as proud of their region as any people in America.

Well, one of these small streams has in its banks a stratum of that peculiar limy clay, of a bluish white color, which housewives in the early day used for whitewashing; and when in 1850 a turnpike was constructed down this hollow, masses of this tough clay of all sizes were thrown into the ditches by the roadside. With each rain and local flood they rolled down stream till they became perfect globes, taking up on their way a coating of fine white sand. Finally the bed of the stream was changed by other improvements, and many of these globes were left high and dry on a sand bar. The union of limy mud and white sand happened to be just the thing, and so in a few years these smooth spheres were as solid as Portland cement.

When the war ended Indiana took a great spurt of enterprise, and all the counties rich in coal were thoroughly surveyed, and in the work the geologists fell upon these wonderful globes. Every fellow had his say. The shortest time possible in which they could have been formed was a million years. Their yellowish gray and white surface showed them to be from that great mountain of archaean rock that once extended north from Lake Superior. And, finally, their globular form proved so many centuries of rolling, and as they were on top of the crinoids and other drift from upper Indiana, why it follows, of course, don't you see, etc., etc.

Finally, some of them were sent to an amateur in a not far distant city, who analyzed, philosophized and theorized thus propounded: "Archaean or bisociated—among the oldest rocks on the globe—according to Dana, formed 16,000,000,000 years ago—brought by glacial drift—globular by attrition in running water." And so they were labeled.

And then a plain farmer—not an old one either—who had seen the things take shape since he was a boy, cruelly went and gave the whole snap dead away.

J. B. P.

Bright Prospects Ahead.

The rag gatherer's business is picking up a little.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE PARKS OF LONDON.

Ugliness and Dullness of All Things Around—What Might Be Done.

It is not wonderful that the great people of London, doing so little for themselves in the way of decorative beauty, do nothing whatever for the populace. An ugly cucumber frame like the Battersea Park hall, gaudily colored; a wagon drawn by poor suffering horses and laden with shrieking children going to Epping Forest; open air preachers ranting hideously of hell and the devil; gin palaces, music halls and the flaring gas jets on barrows of rotten fruit, are all that London provides in the way of enjoyment or decoration for its multitudes. To drive through London anywhere is to feel one's eyes literally ache with the cruel ugliness and dullness of all things around, from the staring theatrical posters on the walls to the helmet of the burly policeman who takes half an hour to beat out a dog's brains.

Yet so much might be done to make London more picturesque at no very great cost. The trees which make the Paris boulevards such a glory of green leaves in May might have their likenesses in London streets. What an embellishment would an avenue be to Pall Mall, to Portland place, to Regent street, to Buckingham Palace road, to five hundred places. Quantities of trees planted all about the houses of parliament would take away that squalid and vulgar look which so disfigures all the precincts of those houses and of the noble abbey itself. If the many old gardens of the great houses which have been pulled down had been preserved they would have lent freshness, verdure and dignity to many thoroughfares of London. Hyde Park requires many more trees than it is planted with, and all the roads south and north of it might with advantage have avenues. Trees alone would remove the awful newness, nakedness and weight of bricks and stucco which lie like lead on the soul as one drives through Cromwell road, Ennismore Gardens and all the rest of the stony wilderness of South Kensington.

Then music, again, might easily be heard in the open air much oftener than it is if the military bands of the Household brigade, instead of being allowed to play for hire at pigeon shooting and horticultural fetes, and balls, private and public, and those various other innumerable engagements that take them here, there and everywhere, were made to play for the public in the metropolis every day in different quarters. To cite once more the example of Munich, how delightful the frequent bursts of military music at all hours make that pleasant city, what a gayety it lends to civic life, what a pleasure it gives to the very poorest! And how easy and how wise it would be to give the same gayety, the same pleasure to the jaded London crowds!

When I saw the London people watching and waiting so good humoredly for a small platoon of Life Guards and a few close carriages containing the royal family to pass on their way to a railway station, I thought what a pity it was not to give that unselfish and good natured crowd more out of door gratuitous enjoyment: not the sentimental trash of people's palaces, which only mew them up under a roof and make Pecksniff Pasteurs out of them, but such enjoyment as one sees in the crowds of Paris, of Vienna, of Brussels, or 500 smaller cities all over Europe. Some ladies in bonnets, some gentlemen in tall hats, with a detachment or two of heavy cavalry, is all that the London multitudes see in the way of a royal progress. That they look out for this is an instance of that exceeding good nature and faculty for being amused by small things which are two qualities in them most unwisely, but most continually, neglected by their rulers.—Woman's World.

The Head of London's Police.

The supreme chief of the police and detectives is Sir Charles Warren, a man who has not the first qualification, either by nature or education, for the position he fills. He illustrates the so often unfortunate theory of primogeniture. Sir Charles had been a soldier, and served with fair credit, but had no executive experience or knowledge of police detail when he was placed in charge of the force of the greatest city in the world. If he had been a man content to pose as figurehead and allow the reins to be really held by capable lieutenants, not much harm would have been done, but unfortunately he is a gouty, irascible, stubborn old martinet, who insists upon managing affairs solely to suit himself. He must certainly have succeeded, for he has suited nobody else.

In person Sir Charles could be best described as beefy. He looks like the English comedy major one sees on the stage, retired on half pay, who swears by The Times and swears at everything else. He is said to have urged the secretary not to offer a reward in the Whitechapel affair, which is probably the case, as such a step would bring a multitude of shrewd private detectives into the case, and Scotland Yard is not fond of rivalry. A rather curious fact, but one that explains away a good deal of failure, is that the best men of the office are constantly at work on political matters. In the turbulent state of British politics the party in power always has plenty of detective work to be done, and the government resources are at their disposal. Such a thing is almost inconceivable in this country.—Baltimore Sun.

Scene in a Boston Restaurant.

A Boston man was seated at a table in a Boston restaurant the other day enjoying his noonday lunch. A late comer entered and took a seat at the same table, and, being evidently somewhat in a hurry, gave his entire order at the one time, but was chagrined to find that cold bread was served him instead of the warm biscuits he had expected. However, not to be wholly deprived of the luxury desired, he unceremoniously reached across to the domain of the earlier diner, picked up the solitary biscuit that remained on the latter's plate and commenced to eat it, whereupon the other, not to be outdone in the matter of a good reach and the ability to employ it, extended his arm, gathered in the piece of pie that belonged to the original offender, and proceeded to regale himself. "That is my pie, sir!" came the prompt protest. "That is my biscuit!" was the cold rejoinder. A silence followed, only broken by the patter of the waiter's feet upon the tesselated floor.—Boston Budget.

The Famous Bucktail Regiment.

Sixty-three of the survivors of the famous Bucktail regiment have been holding a reunion in Bradford, McKean county, Pa. Each surviver present wore a bucktail in his hat, an emblem that made him the observed of all observers wherever he appeared. Banqueting and speeches were the order of the day, and the good people of Bradford did themselves proud in entertaining the few grizzled warriors that remain of this once famous regiment.—Chicago Herald.

Noiseless and Smokeless Locomotive.

A novel locomotive engine is on exhibition at Palmyra, Wis. Except the noise of its wheels moving upon iron rails it is noiseless and smokeless. The steam after use in the engines is condensed in a new manner, and the water at the boiling point is reused. All the wheels of this locomotive are drive wheels, being so arranged as to give them easy control of the car on curves and on uneven tracks.—Chicago Herald.